



**PECKS BAD BOY**  
ABROAD

The Bad Boy Writes from Naples—  
Dad Sees Vesuvius and Calls the  
Servants to Put Out the Fire—  
They Have Trouble with a  
"Dago" in Pompeii.

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK,  
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lisher of Peck's Sun, Author of  
"Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)  
Naples, Italy.—Dear Old Partner in  
Crime: Well, sir, we have struck a  
place that reminds us of home, and  
your old grocery store. The day we  
got here dad and I took a walk into  
the poorer districts, where they throw  
the slops and refuse in the streets,  
and where nobody ever seems to clean  
up anything and burn it. The odor  
was something that you cannot de-  
scribe without a demonstration, and  
after we had turned pale and started  
to go away, dad said the smell remind-  
ed him of something at home, and  
finally he remembered your old grocery  
in the sauerkraut season, early in the  
morning, before you had aired out the  
place. Your ears must have burned  
when we were talking about you.

If you want to get an idea of Na-  
ples, at its worst, go down into your  
cellar and round up all the codfish,  
onions, kraut, limberger cheese, kero-  
sene, rotten potatoes, and everything  
that is dead, put it all in a bushel  
basket, and just before the health of-  
ficers come to pull your place get  
down on your knees, and put your  
head down in the basket, and let some  
one sit on your head all the forenoon,  
and you will have just such a half day  
as dad and I had in the poor quarter  
of Naples, and it will not cost you half  
as much as it did us, unless, after  
you have enjoyed yourself in your cel-



DAD POINTED OUT OF THE WINDOW  
TOWARD VESUVIUS

lar with your head in the basket, you  
decide to have a run of sickness and  
hire a doctor who will charge you the  
price of a trip to Europe.

Well, sir, Naples is a dandy, in its  
clean part. The bay of Naples is a  
dead ringer for Milwaukee bay, in  
shape and beauty, but Milwaukee lacks  
Vesuvius and Pompeii, for suburbs,  
and she lacks the customary highway-  
men to hold you up. Every man, woman  
and child, we have met makes a  
living out of the tourists, and nobody  
that I have seen works at any other  
business.

We woke up the first morning and  
dad looked out the window and saw  
Vesuvius belching forth flame, and  
lava, and stone fences, and wanted to  
turn in a fire alarm, but I told him  
that that fire had been raging ever  
since the Christian era, and was not  
one of these incendiary barn burnings,  
but he opened the window and yelled  
fire, and the porters and chamber-  
maids came running to our room, with  
buckets of water, and wanted to know  
where the fire was. Dad pointed out  
of the window toward Vesuvius and  
said: "Some hired girl has been start-  
ing a fire with kerosene, in that shanty  
on the knoll out there, and the whole  
ranch will burn if you don't  
turn out the fire department, you gosh  
blasted lazy devils. Get a move on,  
and help carry out the furniture."

Well, they calmed dad, and then I  
had to go to work and post-dad up  
on the geography he had forgotten,  
and finally he remembered seeing a  
picture of a volcano or burning moun-  
tain in his geography 50 years ago, but  
he told me he never believed there was  
a volcano in the world, but that he  
always thought they put those pictures  
in geographies to make them sell.  
How a man can attain the prominence  
and position in the business world that  
dad has, and not know any more than  
he does, is what beats me.

Of course you know, having kept a  
grocery since the war, and having had  
opportunities to study history, by the  
pictures on the soap boxes and insur-  
ance calendars, that Nero, the Roman  
tyrant, after Rome was burned, while  
he fiddled for a dance in a barn, got  
so accustomed to fire and brimstone  
that he retired to Naples and touched  
off Vesuvius, just so he could look at  
it. But Vesuvius about 2,000 years ago  
got to burning away down in its bow-  
els, and the fire got beyond control,  
and I suppose now the fire is away  
down in the center of the earth, and  
you know when you get down in the  
earth below the crust, on which we  
live and raise potatoes, everything is  
molten, like iron in a foundry, and  
Vesuvius is the spigot through which  
the fluid comes to the surface. You  
see, don't you?

Just imagine that this earth is a  
barrel of beer, which you can under-  
stand better than anything else, and  
it is being shaken up by being hauled  
around on wagons and cars, and is  
straining to get out, then a bartender  
drives a spigot into the bung, turns the  
thumb piece, and the pent-up beer  
comes out foaming and squirting, and  
there you are.

Instead of beer, Vesuvius is loaded  
with lava, that runs like molasses, and  
when it is cold it is indigestible as a  
cold breakfast cake, and you can  
make it up into jewelry, that looks  
like maple sugar and smells like a  
fire in a garbage crematory. Besides  
the lava there are stones as big as a  
house that are thrown up by the sea-  
sickness of the earth, as it heaves and

## Make Your Opportunities

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM,  
Chicago Millionaire.

Men make their own opportunities by hard work and by conserv-  
ing their employers' interests. No matter how many men are employed  
in an establishment, the employer will keep watch of the man he finds  
working two hours overtime. The man working just wants to work  
without telling the employer anything about it. The employer will find  
it out.

When the man is sent to do a thing he ought to do it without ask-  
ing how it ought to be done, even if he makes a mistake. If he is doing  
the work wrong he will be told so quick enough. Let him just jump  
into the breach and do it to the best of his ability. Let him work every  
day as if he was "carrying a message to Garcia."

pants, and then the ashes that come  
out of the crater at times would make  
you think that what they need there  
is to have a chimney sweep go down  
and brush out the flues.

To get an idea of what a nuisance  
the ashes from the crater are to the  
cities on the plain below, you remem-  
ber the time you were out in your  
back yard splitting boxes for kindling  
wood, and my chum and I threw a  
pail of ashes over the fence, and ac-  
cidentally it went all over you, about  
four inches thick. That time you got  
mad and threw cucumbers at us, when  
we ran down the alley. Keep that in  
your mind and you can understand  
the destruction of Pompeii, when Ve-  
suvius, thousands of years ago,  
coughed up hot ashes, and covered the  
town 40 feet deep with hot stuff, and  
killed every living thing, and petrified  
and preserved the whole business, and  
made a prairie on top of a town, and  
everybody eventually forgot that  
there had ever been a town there, for  
about 2,000 years. If my chum and I  
had not run out of ashes we would  
have buried you so deep in your back  
yard that you would have been petrified  
with your hatchet, and when they  
excavated the premises a thousand  
years later they would have found your  
remains and put you in a museum.

Well, a couple of hundred years ago  
a peasant was slaking a well down in  
the ashes, and he struck a petrified  
barroom, with a bartender standing be-  
hind the bar in the act of serving  
some whisky 2,000 years old, and the  
peasant located a claim there, and the  
authorities took possession of the  
prairie and have been digging the town  
out ever since, looking for more of  
that 2,000-year-old whisky.

When I told dad about what they  
were finding at the ruins of Pompeii,  
and how you were liable to find gold,  
and diamonds, and petrified women,  
he wanted to go and dig in the ashes,  
as he said it would be more exciting  
than raking over the dumping grounds  
in Chicago for tin cans and lumps of  
coal, and so he hired a hack and went  
to the buried town, but dad insisted  
on carrying an umbrella, so if Vesu-  
vius belched any more ashes he could  
protect himself. Gee, but from what  
I have seen at that old ruin a man  
would need an umbrella made of cor-  
rugated iron to keep from being bur-  
ied.

Well, when we got to Pompeii dad  
was for going right where they were  
digging, but I got him to look over  
the streets and houses that had been  
uncovered first, and he was paralyzed  
to think that a town could be covered  
with ashes all these thousands of  
years, and then he uncovered and find  
a town that would compare, in many  
respects, with cities of the present day,  
with residences complete with sculp-  
ture, paintings and cut marble that  
looked as rich as the Vanderbilt houses  
in New York, baths that you could  
take a plunge and a swim in, if they  
had the water, paintings that would  
take a premium at any horse show to-  
day, pavements that would shame the  
pavements of London and Paris, and  
petrified women that you couldn't tell  
from a low-necked party in Washing-  
ton, except that the ashes had eaten the  
clothes off.

I guess most of the people  
in Pompeii got away when the ashes  
began to rain down, for they must  
have seen that it wasn't going to be  
a light shower, but a deluge, "cause  
they never have found many corpses.  
They must have run to Naples, and  
may be they are running yet, and you  
may see some of them at your gro-  
cery, and if you do see anybody cov-  
ered with ashes, looking for a job, give  
them some crackers and cheese, and  
charge it to dad, for they must be  
hungry by this time.

Say, do you know that some of those  
refugees from Pompeii went off in such  
a hurry that they left bread baking in



AND I THREW A PAIL OF ASHES  
OVER THE FENCE.

the ovens, and meat cooking in the  
pots? It seems the most wonderful  
thing to me of anything I ever saw.  
We went all through the streets and  
houses, and saw ballrooms that beat  
anything in San Francisco, and when  
we went into a building occupied by  
the officers in charge of the excava-  
tions, and dad saw a telephone and  
an electric light, he thought those  
things had been dug up, too, and he  
claimed that the men who were re-  
ceiving millions of dollars in royalties  
on telephones and electric lights were  
frauds who were infringing on Pompeii  
patents 2,000 years old, and he wouldn't  
believe me when I told him that tele-  
phones and electric lights were not dug  
up; he said then he wouldn't believe

The opportunities are  
here yet. But there are  
no opportunities for the  
boy who sits down and  
grumbles about "there  
being no chance of ris-  
ing in this business."  
Opportunity will never  
come to those fellows.

It is deeply significant to find re-  
publican newspaper, and representa-  
tive ones, over the country generally  
applauding the Roosevelt and Taft pol-  
icy of purchasing the Panama supplies  
where they may be bought cheapest;  
and especially to find the authoritative  
admission in these papers that tariff  
revision is a live issue.

For many, many moons, says the St.  
Louis Republic, the republican press of  
the nation has been with one voice de-  
claring the tariff question dead; they  
have sung one long continuous and joy-  
ful requiem over its alleged demise.

There is not a paper in the coun-  
try with the temerity to oppose the  
plan of buying Panama supplies in the  
cheapest market. Those who do  
frankly intend the plan to dodge the  
issue with disavowal and disingenuous  
prattle about the principle of protec-  
tion and high wages; but even these  
later cannot argue around the well-  
known fact that the protected trusts  
can and do sell goods at a reduced rate  
abroad and still make a profit on them;

which is to say that the reduced price  
does not affect American wages. The  
American high wages do not neces-  
sitate the high rates charged to Ameri-  
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iff would be an unequal gain for the  
consumer—a gain without a loss to the  
wage earners.

When republican papers admit these  
truths it is time to proclaim the com-  
plete resuscitation of the tariff issue.  
Tariff discussion is in nothing less  
than a tumultuous state. The stand-  
patt politicians are metaphorically stand-  
ing up on their hind legs and "howling."

The republican party has been con-  
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pose to behave as free-traders and over-  
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fraudulent.

They must either evade the tariff or  
cheat the taxpayers and the treasury.  
They very properly and wisely choose  
the course which hurts the party, but  
does not hurt the people. They could  
not buy the goods at home without  
paying tribute to hoggish combines and  
defrauding the people.

Naturally the party's pet trusts are  
at the bottom of the howl. Their sac-  
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### CASE OF THE BEEF TRUSTS

Extortion Goes Right On Notwith-  
standing That "Careful"  
Investigation.

It is reported from Chicago that the  
investigation of the beef trust is go-  
ing to prove a fizzle. The investigation  
is said to have cost \$125,000 thus far,  
and its failure is attributable to the in-  
vestigators' want of familiarity with the  
packing business and their consequent  
inability to summon the proper persons  
and to ask the right questions. If,  
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port, says the Birmingham (N. Y.)  
Leader, the beef trust is at liberty to go  
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As a matter of fact, of course, the  
combine has been going right on with  
its extortionate practices, as the con-  
sumers of meat are in a position to  
know; and this directly in the face of  
an investigation which not long ago was  
sending valuable witnesses out of the  
country to escape calls from the grand  
jury. This is another reminder that if  
the people would have relief from the  
oppression to which they are subjected  
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### OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

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## THERE IS A TARIFF TUMULT

Trouble in the Republican Camp Over  
President Roosevelt's Pan-  
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## REPUBLICAN IMBROGLIO.

Members of the Party Who Are Not  
in Sympathy with Govern-  
mental Policies.

The threat to purchase Panama canal  
supplies in the cheapest market may be  
said to constitute the cap-sheaf of offense  
to the sensibilities of the republican  
statesmen who are not in sympathy  
with the new drift in governmental  
policies; and it is said that three cabi-  
net officers, Secretaries Shaw, Wilson  
and Metcalf, are so displeased with this  
latest turn of affairs that there is a  
possibility that they will cease to be  
members of the president's official  
family. Secretary Shaw, staunch "stand-  
patter" that he is, is said to be uncon-  
promisingly hostile to this cheapest-  
market proposition, and it is thought  
possible that his attitude may lead to  
his early retirement from the cabinet.

As to the question of congress's tak-  
ing action to compel the purchase of  
supplies in the American market, it is  
thought that the matter will be per-  
mitted to rest where it is, in view of  
the certainty that any attempt to force  
the procurement of supplies in this  
country would lead to a revisionist agi-  
tation that might prejudicially affect  
the case of the high protectionists. It  
is said that, as a rule, callers at the  
white house are in expression of ap-  
proval of the president's policy, not  
only in respect to the tariff question,  
but also as regards the matter of re-  
gulation. Representative  
Charles R. Davis, of the Third Minne-  
sota district, who is a pronounced ad-  
vocate of the president's rebate and can-  
nel-purchase policies, is quoted as say-  
ing, after a visit to the white house:

"Congress will have to wrestle with  
this (the canal-purchase) problem, and  
it will have a big thing on hand. It  
may open the door for revision of the  
tariff, both for increased revenue and  
for other purposes. There is a senti-  
ment for tariff revision along certain  
lines, and this may afford the oppor-  
tunity that has so long been sound-  
ing."

"As to the rebate proposition, the  
president is right, and our section of  
the country will uphold him in the  
fullest sense. It is a dead-sure thing  
that we are not going to let the senate  
committee or interstate commerce fix  
this thing for us. We propose to have  
a suitable law covering this question  
and it will not be unfair to the rail-  
roads. If the roads are not violating  
laws they need not be afraid of legisla-  
tion that will protect the country."

It looks, therefore, says the Albany  
Argus, as if congress would have  
enough on its hands at the next ses-  
sion without essaying action that will  
lead to an agitation of the tariff ques-  
tion and provoke a popular demonstra-  
tion in demand for revision. The ad-  
ministration has got the reactionist  
statesmen in that state of mind that is  
described as guessing.

### THEIR FEET IN THE TROUGH

Tariff-Bloated Manufacturers Howl-  
ing Over the President's  
Policy.

"To sum up the president's sentiments  
in the case, he is determined that 'the  
hogs shall take their feet out of the  
trough,'" says "a close friend" of Mr.  
Roosevelt to the Washington corre-  
spondent of the Tribune, in commenting  
on the Panama open-market order.

"He believes it little short of criminal  
for the big manufacturers to charge the  
home consumers a third more or double  
the price for goods than is charged the  
people of Europe." It is any wonder  
the tariff-bloated manufacturers are  
"howling" over such heresy?

"Congress will soon stop this open-  
market business," threatens Mr. Dal-  
zell. He is as cocksure about it as if  
duties affecting the steel trust were his  
personal affair. But will congress or  
even the republican majority in the  
house rebuke President Roosevelt? Do  
Messrs. Dalzell and Grosvenor, for in-  
stance, imagine that they can command  
a stronger following than the adminis-  
tration?

How will they go about it to prove,  
when the deficit is swelling up into the  
tens of millions and new taxes are pro-  
posed, that the taxpayers do not care  
if the Panama canal costs an extra \$20,  
000,000 so long as a few tariff favorites  
are enriched? And if they are beaten,  
what then? Will there not be danger  
that all the tariff revisionists, with the  
president at their head, will come down  
on the fold of Dingleyism?

If the "outraged" manufacturers are  
wise they will call off their spokesmen  
in congress and grade their prices to  
meet the government's needs without  
more ado. If they prefer a fight, they  
may feel to their lasting regret the tem-  
per of this new big stick which Mr.  
Roosevelt has imported from Panama.  
If President Roosevelt really sets to  
work to make "the hogs take their feet  
out of the trough," a revision of the  
Dingley schedules in the interests of the  
domestic consumer is likely to become  
as much of a live issue as railroad rate  
regulation.

### Trouble in Sight.

The New Orleans Playmate thinks  
the republicans are going to have a  
good deal of trouble dealing with the  
deficit. "There is nothing," it says,  
"like a deficit to set men to thinking  
seriously, and, however much Mr. Shaw  
may pooh-pooh adverse criticism, the  
tariff revisionists are likely soon to ex-  
hibit an increase of strength." But  
meanwhile:

"Of course, no one dreams now of  
an abandonment of the policy of pro-  
tection. Even were every practicable  
retrenchment promptly effected, the  
cost of carrying on the government  
would still render it out of the ques-  
tion to cut down the duties on imports  
below the level of protection. The real  
issue is between high and moderate  
protection. The government certainly,  
can go ahead running behind a few  
millions annually for some time to  
come, but then it will have to be ad-  
mitted that its revenue system is de-  
fective. The republican party long ago  
made protection the chief end of tax-  
ation, but it can hardly yet afford to  
take the position that the government  
may be lawfully and justly run into  
debt for the benefit of the protected in-  
terests."

—Some of the tariff experts are in-  
clined to concede that a man may stand  
pat and yet not find it advisable to see  
the play through to a finish.—Washing-  
ton Star.

## KYLE SLEPT PRETTY WELL.

But the Drummers in Neighboring  
Rooms Could Not Say  
as Much.

Representative Kyle, of Ohio, has a  
high, sweet tenor voice, and is known to  
his colleagues as "the sweet singer from  
Ohio." He is in great demand at din-  
ners, where he sings old Scotch songs  
melodiously, says a Washington paper.  
When he was out campaigning in his dis-  
trict last fall he arrived at a country hotel  
where half a dozen drummers were to  
put up for the night also. Kyle told the  
landlord he wanted a quiet room where he  
could sleep undisturbed, as he was very  
tired.

Next morning at breakfast the drum-  
mers were protesting loudly because their  
rest had been disturbed by the snoring  
of the man in room 16. They variously  
described the snoring as the worst they  
had ever heard. Most of them said they  
had not slept a wink.

"How did you sleep?" asked one of the  
drummers of Kyle.  
"Fine," said Kyle; "never heard a thing  
from the time I struck the bed until this  
morning. I got a great night's rest."  
"In heaven's name, where did you  
sleep?" asked the drummers.  
"In room 16," Kyle replied.

### SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's  
Kidney Pills.

Seagwick, Ark., June 19.—The case of W.  
S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by  
those interested in medical matters as one  
of the most wonderful on record. In this  
connection his father makes the following  
statement:  
"Last September my little boy had  
dropsy, his feet and limbs were swollen  
to such an extent that he could not walk  
or put his shoes on. The treatment that  
the doctors were giving him seemed to  
do him no good, and two or three people  
said his days were short, even the doctors  
two of the best in the country told me he  
would not get better. I stopped their  
medicine and at once sent for Dodd's  
Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a  
day, one morning, noon and night for  
eight days; at the end of the eighth day  
the swelling was all gone, but to give  
the medicine justice, I gave him eleven  
more Pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all  
and he was entirely cured. I consider  
your medicine saved my child's life. When  
the thirty-five Pills were given him, he  
could run, dance and sing, whereas before  
he was an invalid in his mother's arms  
from morning until night."

No Room for Doubt.  
"So you are going to marry the dude  
bookkeeper, are you," said the restaurant  
cashier. "Well, I hope you will be  
happy."  
"Sure I will," answered the blonde  
waitress. "He makes \$20 a week and  
weighs 35 pounds less than I do. happy?"  
Well, I guess yes!—Chicago Daily News.

Given Away  
on receipt of 25¢ to pay cost of postage and  
packing, a full-size \$1.00 box of Dr. Mow-  
rey's "Stomach Tablets." They cure indig-  
estion, STOMACHIC ACID, STURGIS, Mich.

His Own Great Foolishness.  
Nurdy—Your wife seems to think you'll  
get bored if she lets you out of her  
sight. You must have once done some-  
thing very foolish to have a woman look-  
ing after you like that.  
Butter—I did. I married her.—Louisville  
Courier-Journal.

### ALL DONE OUT.

Veteran Joshua Heller, of 705 South  
Walnut Street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In  
the fall of 1899 after taking Doan's  
Kidney Pills I told  
the readers of this  
paper that they had  
relieved me of kidney  
trouble, dis-  
posed of lame  
back with pain  
across my loins and  
beneath the shoul-  
der blades. During  
the interval which  
has elapsed I have  
had occasion to re-  
sort to Doan's Kid-  
ney Pills when I  
noticed warnings of  
an attack. On each  
and every occasion the results obtained  
were just as satisfactory as when the  
pills were first brought to my notice.  
I just as emphatically endorse the  
preparation to-day as I did over two  
years ago."  
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,  
proprietors. For sale by all druggists,  
price 50 cents per box.

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by  
these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Dis-  
tress from Dyspepsia,  
Indigestion and Bilious-  
ness. A perfect rem-  
edy for Dizziness, Nausea,  
Drowsiness, Bad Taste  
in the Mouth, Coated  
Tongue, Pain